

# Oxford Democrat.

No. 24, Vol. 6, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, October 20, 1846.

Old Series, No. 33, Vol. 15.

**OXFORD DEMOCRAT,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY  
G. W. Gillett,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance.  
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the  
Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond  
the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasona-  
ble deduction will be made for cash in advance.  
**Book and Job Printing**  
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

## Poetry.

From the Vox Populi.

### MY SOUL IS SAD.

DEDICATED TO COURTESY.

My soul is sad; for days of yore  
Come thronging on my brain;  
And memory of the past, to me  
Are but a painful load.  
Such fearful visions of the past  
Come o'er my aching eye,  
I close my weary lids and bid  
The vision to pass by.

My soul is sad; for sun-bright hours  
That scarcely knew a shade;  
Life's colors faded so fast to me  
It seemed they would not fade.  
Painful bright visions of the past,  
Ye sole give me pain!  
These happy days, too bright to last,  
Will never come again.

My soul is sad; for truthful friends  
I've passed upon life's road;  
Who shared my hours of heartfelt joy,  
And lightened off my load.  
Like a sweet, mournful strain—  
So is this vision of the friends  
I've never may see again.

Begone, and past! why will ye seek  
Forever to intrude.  
Your visions on me, in each hour  
Of the heart's solitude,  
Bring me but for roll me of the power  
To in the present live!  
The future will I trust to Him  
Who can the past forgive.

Lowell, Oct. 1.

### OCTOBER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,  
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew  
The Summer's melancholy bier.  
The meaning of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice,  
When earth was lovely to my gaze.  
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours—  
Where are their living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—  
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblem rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground :  
And, sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low voices murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

When spring's delightsome moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the west;  
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;  
Through summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened now, they beat  
In storm o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast  
When life is fresh and joy is now;  
Soft as the halycon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath  
Which Hope about her foretold twines,  
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,  
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,  
What gloom about our way they fling!  
Like clouds in autumn's gusty air,  
The burial pageant of the spring.  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And sleep in darkness side by side.

### ECONOMY.

Economy's a very useful broom,  
Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room  
To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb;  
Too oft economy's an iron vice,  
That squeezes e'en the little girls of mice,  
That peep with fearful eyes and ask a crumb.

Proper economy's a comly thing;  
Good in a subject—better in a king;  
Yet, push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling;  
Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean;  
Inclines them, too, to villainy to leav'n,  
To overreaching, perjury, and stealing,  
For when the heart should only think of grief,  
It creeps into the bosom like a thief;  
And swallows up th' affections, all so mild  
Witness the Jewess, and her only child.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,  
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,  
In imitation of the ambitious great,  
High from the gall'ry, are the play began,  
He fell all plumb into the pit,  
Dead in a minute as a nit!

In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;  
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was distracted, raving, wild—  
Shrik'd, tore her hair, embraced and kissed her child;  
Afflicted every heart with grief around;

Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat past,  
And moderated calm th' hysterical blast,  
She cast about her eyes in thought profound,  
And being with a saving knowledge bless'd  
She thus the play-house manager addressed :

" Sher, I am de moder of the poor Chew lad,  
Dat meet misforseen here so bad;  
Sher, I must hat de shilling back, you know,  
Ach Moses hat hat see de show."

### THE STORY TELLER.

[From the Saturday Courier.]

#### SEEING ABOUT IT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I spent, not long since, a few days in the family of a much esteemed friend, who had an interesting boy between seven and eight years of age. One morning as the father was about leaving for his store, little Edgar came running after him, crying :

" Father! father! won't you buy me some paints and a paint brush?"

" I'll see about it," the father quietly replied.

" Oh! father is going to buy me a box of paints," said Edgar, dancing back into the house, almost as happy in anticipation, as if the box were actually in his hands.

" What are you going to do with your paints?" I asked of the little fellow, drawing him to my side.

" I'm going to paint all the pictures in my Parley's Every Day Book, and make them look so beautiful!" he said. " I wish it wasn't so long until dinner-time. But I'll wait."

" Yes, you must wait patiently. We cannot always have what we want in a moment."

" Father could send them home by John; I wish I had asked him to do so. But I'll wait. And the little boy strove to be as patient as possible."

As often as every half-hour at least, during the morning, Edgar came to me to talk about the box of paints his father was going to bring home.

" I wish it was dinner-time," he would sometimes say, or—" Isn't dinner-time a long while coming?"

All Edgar's usual modes of passing the hours happily, were neglected. He could think of nothing but his paint box.

" It's one o'clock!" he cried, bursting into my room, where I sat reading, as the clock struck the hour he had named. " Father comes home at two. Ain't you glad I'm going to get my paint box soon?"

" Yes, very glad, Edgar."

" So and I. I wonder how large a box he will buy? Henry Thomas has one so big, (measuring nearly twelve inches in length with his hands,) and ever-so-many brushes. He can paint elegant. You ought to see the bunch of flowers he painted; they looked just like real ones."

" Can you paint a flower yet?"

" Oh, no, I haven't learned. But I am going to learn. I mean to ask father to send me to a drawing school."

Four or five times during the next hour Edgar came into my room to talk about his box of paints. For more than a quarter of an hour before the usual time for his father to return, he was at the window, and there remained, patiently, on the look out for him. At length I heard him crying out— " Father is coming! Father is coming!"—and running wildly down stairs.

The little fellow had talked to me so much about his paint-box, that I felt almost as much interest as he did, and could not help leaving my room and going down to see and enjoy his pleasure, on receiving it.

" Where is my paint-box? Give me my paint-box, father," said Edgar, eagerly seizing hold of my friend, as he came up the steps.

" What box, child?" returned the father, coldly. " I don't know any thing about your paint box."

" The paint-box you promised me you would buy. Where is it, father? In your pocket?"

" I didn't promise to buy you a paint-box."

" O, yes, you did, father!" The tears were springing to the child's eyes— " Don't you know I asked you this morning to get me one?"

" I believe you did, Edgar; but did I say I would buy it for you?"

" You said you would see about it, father."

" That is one thing, and promising to buy the box another. I haven't had time to see about it, Edgar."

This was said with an air of indifference that to me was inconceivable. The disappointed child shrank away, and went quietly up stairs to his mother, into whose lap he laid his head, sobbing most bitterly.

" What is the matter, my dear?" asked his mother.

The child made no answer.

" Edgar, what ails you, my son?"

But the boy's heart was too full. He could not speak.

" Why don't you say what is the matter?"

The mother's voice had changed from its first expression of tenderness. Still there was no answer.

" Don't come crying to me, unless you can tell what ails you!" And Edgar was pushed away.

The child felt that injustice had been done to him, and the repulse of his mother made him angry. His low, distressed cry changed to one of passion.

" Edgar, what are you crying about? I never saw such a boy! You are always crying about something!"

This had no favorable effect. The tones in which it was spoken were fretful, and these excited rather than soothed the child. He went away from his mother's side, and leaned against the wall, still continuing to cry, but with more bitterness.

" Edgar, stop crying!"

The mother spoke with authority, and stamped her foot to give emphasis to what she said.

" But her words had no effect.

" Look here, Edgar! If you don't stop, instantly, you shall be shut up in the closet, and kept there until after dinner."

The poor child's disappointment had been so

great, that he felt indifferent about every thing. If his mother had expressed sympathy and spoke kindly, it would have soothed and comforted him. But her words, and the tones in which they were uttered, aroused angry feelings, they made him stubborn. The threat of punishment had no effect; he still cried on.

" Ain't you going to stop?" This was the last angry appeal, and it might as well not have been made. It had no effect whatever.

Being now out of all patience, Edgar's mother seized him by the arm and thrusting him into a dark closet, shut the door. His crying instantly ceased. His anger was changed to grief. He had been wronged, and he felt it keenly. Laying his little head upon a pillow that was on the floor of the closet, he sobbed himself to sleep, and was found there when the door was opened about an hour afterwards.

" Where is Edgar?" asked my friend, looking about his vacant chair at the dinner-table, after we were all seated.

" He has been a naughty boy, and cannot come to the table to-day," replied the mother, smiling, as she glanced towards me.

" What has he been doing?" asked my friend.

" He came to me crying, a little while ago, and would neither tell me what ailed him, nor stop his noise. I persuaded and threatened, but all to no purpose; and had, at last, to shut him up in the closet. He is a very self-willed boy—When he once gets set out, there is no doing anything with him."

My friend said nothing. What he thought, I do not know: but I have very good reasons for believing that he did not for a moment imagine that he and his alone was to blame in the matter. When he told Edgar, in reply to his request for a box of paints, that he would see about it, he did so by way of getting off from the child's importunity. From that moment he thought no more about it. Not so with the child. He fully believed that his father had promised to buy him what he so much desired, and, confiding in this promise, he expected to get the box of paints upon his return home, at dinner-time. But he was sadly disappointed, and was too young to bear the disappointment.

So little had Edgar's father thought of what his child asked of him, and so little notice did he take of the effect produced by his failure to get the paints, that it did not occur to him that Edgar had been crying from the disappointment. The mother was, of course, entirely ignorant of the cause of her son's unhappiness. It is true, he had talked to her about the paint-box he was to get when his father came home to dinner: but she had so many matters of interest to which her daily attention was called, that she never thought about any of them longer than ten minutes at a time. His crying she attributed to some trifling crossing of his temper, and she did not feel at all disposed to humor him.

I saw all this, and it grieved me deeply. But about two hours after I had left the dinner-table, as I was about going out for a walk, I found Edgar sitting on the front door steps. He was alone, and was looking at some children playing in the street. He did not show any disposition to join them. As I passed him, he looked up at me with a sober face. I did not speak to him, for I did not know what to say. Once or twice I turned back to look at him—his eyes were following me.

" Shall I buy him a box of paints?" I asked of myself. " Will it be right?"

For some time I argued these questions, and finally determined that I would risk gratifying the child. His father, I felt quite sure, had given the matter so little thought, and was so entirely ignorant of the effect produced by his failure to buy the paint-box, that he would not look upon my act as an officious one, meant to reflect the fact that had just transpired. They were at variance with each other.

The more I thought about the matter, the more I felt disturbed.

" Can it be possible?" I at length asked my friend; " that my friend is naturally a selfish, bad-hearted man, who takes upon himself, in common society, semblances of virtue?"

" No—no—this cannot be," was my mental answer. " His worst fault must be thoughtlessness."

On the next day I happened in at my friend's store. Whilst I sat reading a newspaper, and was busy at his desk, a little girl, rather poorly clad, came in, and said something to him in a low, earnest tone. My friend hesitated, and then spoke more earnestly. He then asked two or three questions, to which he received answers.

" Very well, I will see about it," he said with a smile.

The little girl seemed satisfied, and went away.

" Your little visitor was quite importunate," I remarked.

" Yes," he said. " Her father used to work for me. He is an honest, industrious man, but has been sick for some time. He is getting better, however, and now wants me to speak to one of my neighbors about a situation in his store. I told her that if her father would send her, it would do just as well. But she said he wished me to go particularly, for he knew, if I spoke for it, I could get it."

" And so you promised to see about it," said my friend, letting my voice rest, with some emphasis, upon the last words of the sentence.

" Yes—I could not do less," he replied, not observing that I had used his own words.

I felt strongly inclined to call my friend's attention to the fact of his having spoke in the same way to Edgar, but could not see my way exactly clear to do so, just then.

Two days afterwards, while I was again sitting in my friend's store, the same little girl came in. Before she had time to speak, my friend said—

" I declare! I have entirely forgotten you. But wait a minute, and I will go and see about it at once!"

The child looked disappointed, but sat down

quietly. My friend put on his hat and went out: in a little while he came in, and said to her—

" Tell your father that Mr. P— says that he would have given him the situation with pleasure, if he had applied earlier; but that it was now filled."

The little girl looked into my friend's face for some time with what seemed to me a sad expression, and then went slowly away.

" Really, I must blame myself for not having gone at once to see about the situation for this poor man. If I had gone yesterday, I might have secured it for him."

" It's a pity, certainly," I ventured to remark.

" It is, indeed. I really feel bad about it. But the fact is, he ought to have sent direct to Mr. P— and not to ask me to speak to him."

" No doubt, he believed you would have more influence, and thus make his application more certain."

" Yes. But the result has shown differently."

" It would not have shown differently if you had seen Mr. P— immediately."

## ANOTHER BATTLE!—CAPTURE OF MONTEREY!

From the Boston Post.

Our last accounts from the gallant troops under Gen. Taylor left them in what many considered a perilous situation. But they are equal to all emergencies, and we now have the cheering news that Monterey has yielded to the predetermined victors. Although Ampudia, with superior numbers, 11,000 against 6000 Americans, had the courage to make a stand, he was forced to yield, after strong resistance, and retire from a most important post. So the "conquest of peace" goes on triumphantly.

The telegraph from New York reports that "the loss of our army in the engagement, was about 300 killed and two hundred wounded." The loss of the Mexicans is unknown, but was supposed to be less than the Americans, as they fought under cover. General Taylor's horse was wounded but he himself escaped unharmed. An armistice has been agreed on, to continue in force eight weeks! This looks like peace.

Officers killed.—Lieut. Col. Watson, of the Baltimore Volunteers; Brevet Major Barbour, Brevet Maj. McCall, Capt. Morris, Capt. Field, Lieutenants Irwin, Hazlitt, Haskins, and Woods, all of the regular army; also Capt. Williams, of the corps of topographical engineers, and Lieut. Terrett, supposed killed.

Wounded.—Major Lear and Lieutenant Graham, severely; Captain Bambridge, Captain Limott, and Lieutenant Wainwright, Potter, and Rossell, slightly—the latter with leg off—Maj. Gen. Butler, of the volunteers, wounded in the leg.

Mortally wounded.—Capt. Gillespie, of the Texas Rangers."

The following is from the New Orleans Picayune extra, dated Sunday morning, Oct. 4, the intelligence having been received there by the steamer James L. Day from Point Isabel:

On the 19th Gen. Taylor arrived before Monterey with a force of about 6000 men. After reconnoitering the city at about 1500 or 1600 yards from the Cathedral Fort, during which time he was fired upon from its batteries, his force was encamped at the Walnut Springs, three miles short of the city. This was the nearest position at which the army could obtain a supply of water, and beyond the enemy's batteries. The remainder of the 19th was occupied by the engineers in making reconnoissements of the city batteries commanding the heights.

On the 20th, Gen. Worth was ordered with his division to move by a circuitous route to the right, to gain the Saltillo road, beyond the west of the town, and to storm the heights above the Bishop's Palace; which vital point to the enemy appears to have been strangely neglected. Circumstances caused his halt on the night of the 20th, short of the intended position.

On the morning of the 21st inst. he continued his route, and after an encounter with a large body of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery from the heights, he repulsed them, with loss, and finally encamped, covering the passage of the Saltillo road. It was here discovered, that besides the fort at the bishop's palace, and the occupation of the heights above it, two forts on commanding eminences on the opposite side of the San Juan river, had been fortified and occupied. These two latter heights were then stormed and carried; the guns of the last fort that was carried being immediately turned with a plunging fire upon the bishop's palace.

On the same morning, the 21st, the first division of regular troops under Gen. Worth, and the volunteer division under Gen. Butler were ordered under arms to make a diversion to the left of the town in favor of the important operations of Gen. Worth. The 10 in. mortars and two 24-lb howitzers had been put in battery the night of the 20th, on a ravine, 1400 yards distant from the cathedral fort, or citadel, and were supported by the 4th regiment of infantry.

At 8 A. M., on the 21st, the order was given for this battery to open upon the citadel and town. And immediately after the first division, with the 3d and 4th infantry in advance, under Col. Garland, were ordered to reconnoitre and skirmish with the enemy on the extreme left of the town, and should prospect of success offer, to carry the most advanced battery.

This attack was directed by Major Mansfield, engineer; Capt. Williams, topographical engineer; and Maj. Kinney, quartermaster to the Texas division.

A heavy fire from the battery was immediately opened upon the advance, but the troops soon turned it, entering and engaging with the enemy in the streets from the city, having passed through an incessant cross fire from the citadel and the first and second batteries, and from the infantry who lined the parapets, streets and house tops of the city.

The rear of the first battery was soon turned, and the reverse fire of the troops through the gorge of the works, killed or dislodged the artillery and infantry, and the building occupied by the infantry immediately in its rear.

The first division was followed and supported by the Mississippi, Tennessee and Ohio regiments.

The two former regiments being the first to scale and occupy the fort, the success of the day stopped.

The Mississippi, Tennessee and Ohio regiments, though warmly engaged in the streets of the city for some time after the capture of the first battery and its adjoining defences, were unable, from exhaustion and the loss they had sustained, to gain more advantage.

A heavy shower of rain also came up to cease a suspension of the hostilities before the close of the day. The 3d, 4th and 1st infantry and the Baltimore battalion remained as the garrison of the captured position under Col. Garland, as stated by the Ridgley batteries.

Two 12 pounders, one 4 pounder, and 1 howitzer were captured in this fort, and 3 officers and some 20 or 30 men taken prisoners. One of the 12 pounders was served against the second fort, and defended with captured ammunition during the remainder of the day by Capt. Ridgley.

The storming parties of Gen. Worth's division also captured two nine pounders, which were immediately turned against their former owners.

On the morning of the 22d, Gen. Worth continued his operations, and portions of his division stormed and carried successfully the heights above the Bishop's palace. Both were carried by a command under Capt. Vinton, 3d artillery.

In these operations the company of Louisiana troops under Capt. Blanchard performed effective and gallant service, as a part of Capt. Vinton's command.

Four pieces of artillery, with a good supply of ammunition, were captured in the Bishop's palace, this day, some of which were immediately turned upon the enemy's defences in the city.

On the evening of the 22d, Col. Garland and his command were relieved as the garrison of the captured fort, by Gen. Quitman, with the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments and five companies of the Kentucky regiment.

Early on the morning of the 23d, General Quitman from his position discovered that the second and third forts and defences east of the city had been entirely abandoned by the enemy, who, apprehending another assault on the night of the 22d, had retired from all his defences to the main Plaza and its immediate vicinity.

A command of two companies of Mississippi and two of Tennessee troops was then thrown into the street to reconnoitre, and soon became hotly engaged with the enemy. These were soon supported by Colonel Wood's regiment of rangers, dismounted; by Bragg's light battery and 3d infantry, who kept upon the enemy's fort a constant and uninterrupted fire from the streets, house tops, barricades, &c. &c., in the vicinity of the Plaza. The pieces of Bragg's battery were also used with much effect far into the heart of the city.

This engagement lasted the best part of the day. Our troops having driven the scattered parties of the enemy and penetrated quite to the defences of the main Plaza, the advantage thus gained it was not considered necessary to hold, as the enemy had permanently abandoned the city and its defences except the main Plaza, its immediate vicinity, and the cathedral fort or citadel.

Early in the afternoon of the same day Gen. Worth assaulted from the bishop's palace, west side of the city, and succeeded in driving the enemy and maintaining his position within a short distance of the main Plaza on that side of the city, towards evening.

The mortar had also been planted in the cemetery enclosure, and during the night did great execution in the circumscribed camp of the enemy in the Plaza. Thus ended the operations of the 22d.

Early on the morning of the 24th, a communication was sent to Gen. Taylor from Gen. Ampudia, under a flag, making an offer of capitulation, to which the former refused to accede, as it asked more than the American commander would under any consideration grant. At the same time a demand to surrender was replied to by Gen. Ampudia, and 12 o'clock at noon was the hour at which the acceptance was to be communicated to the American general. At 11 A. M. the Mexican general sent, requesting a personal conference with Gen. Taylor, which was granted, the principal officers on either side accompanying their generals.

After several offers in relation to the capitulation of the city, made on either side and refused, at half past 4 P. M. Gen. Taylor rose, and saying he would give Gen. Ampudia one hour to consider, to accept or refuse, left the conference with his officers. At the expiration of the discharge of the hour the mortars were to be the signal for the commencement of hostilities.

Before the expiration of the hour, however, an officer was sent on the part of Gen. Ampudia to inform the American general that to avoid the further effusion of blood, the national honor being satisfied by the exertion of the Mexican troops, he had, after consultation with his general officers, decided to capitulate, accepting the offer of the American general.

The terms of capitulation were in effect as follows:

That the Mexican officers should be allowed to march out with their side arms; that the cavalry and infantry be allowed to march out with their arms and accoutrements; that the artillery should be allowed to march out with one battery of six pieces and 11 rounds of ammunition; that all other munitions of war and supplies should be turned over to a board of American officers appointed to receive them; that the Mexican army should be allowed seven days to evacuate the city; and that the American troops should not occupy it until evacuated; that the cathedral, fort, or citadel should be evacuated at 10 A. M. next day, the Mexicans then marching out, the American garrison marching in; that the Mexicans should be allowed to salute their flag when loaded down; that there should be an armistice of 8 weeks, during which time neither army should pass a line running from the Raneona through Linares and San Fernando. This lenient offer of the American general was dictated with the concurrence of his generals and by motives of good policy. This consideration was due to the good defence of their city by the Mexican army.

LATER.—A Washington Union extra of Saturday night does not publish official despatches from the army, but says—

We have had the pleasure of seeing Capt. Eaton, who has brought despatches from Gen. Taylor to the war department. Capt. Eaton left our camp at Monterey on the evening of the 23d of September. He deserves great credit for the alertness and energy which he has exhibited in reaching Washington from Monterey in sixteen days!

In regard to the Union, the democrat finds the path he should follow well beaten and illuminated by the light reflected by the constitution and made easy by the precepts and examples of the wisest, the most patriotic and the best of men that ever lived. He remembers the injunction as he heard it from the lips of Washington—Cherish the Union; it constitutes your safety; it is the main pillar of your independence—your liberty. He cannot forget the remonstrance of Jackson, the Union, it must be preserved. His line of duty is clear—his impulses and principles alone would not mislead him—and when to these are added the glorious examples and wise teachings of the great and the good, a great highway opens before the democrat.

way between Monterey and Saltillo—under eight weeks. But this armistice, in the first place, does not embrace our other lines of operations; and, secondly, it is subject, in express terms, to the orders and instructions of the two governments. The army is worthy of all praise for the gallantry and skill which have been displayed by our officers and troops—both volunteers and regulars.

The following extract of a letter, which we copy from the Baltimore Sun extra, gives an account of the doings of the Baltimoreans:

MONTEREY, 12 M. August 24th.

Our brave Col. Watson has been killed, and his command has devolved on our gallant and spirited Capt. James E. Stewart, who fought like a tiger; at one time he was attacked by five Mexicans. He lost his sword, but knocked one fellow down with his fist and seized his musket, with which he knocked down three more of the five with the butt and bayonet them on the spot.

Lieut. B. F. Owens, also, fought with gallantry. He led 30 men without the loss of a man up to the very mouths of the 12 pounders, which he silenced and took.

Our loss is about 6 men killed, and from 10 to 12 wounded, and they are being carried in every moment.

Gen. Taylor has warmly complimented Capt. Stewart and Lieut. Owens.

Poor Watson was killed at the head of his regiment.

From the Bargain Democrat.

PATRIOTISM — THE POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE DAY—THE DUTY OF THE DEMOCRATS.

When danger threatens, it is the first impulse of the true patriot to rush to the defence of the country. So when the Union is endangered by faction and intrigues of the ambitious, the true friend of the country will instinctively hasten to defend the confederacy. From impulse, principle and a sense of obligation the true patriot and republican will stand by the administration in its efforts to maintain the rights and honor of the nation against foreign encroachment, and the peace and integrity of the Union, against the machinations of domestic enemies. With the good citizen the claims of patriotism are regarded as paramount to party obligations—country before party, is with him the maxim of wisdom.

If such are the noble impulses, pure principles and exalted sense of duty of the true and enlightened patriot and fast friend of the Union, we would inquire who at this interesting period in our history gives satisfactory evidence of patriotism and devotion to the Union? Is it those who endeavor to persuade others that our government is altogether in the wrong in the present collision with a foreign power? Is it those who impugn the administration unworthy motives, and accuse the highest officers of the government of violating the supreme law of the land in defending the rights and interests of the people and vindicating the character of the nation? Can such persons expect to be regarded as patriots while by their acts they surrender all claim to the name? It is nothing but a miserable excuse, either wiser or better, or more deeply imbued with the spirit of liberty, than the illustrious statesmen and fathers of liberty who framed the constitution! If there be such a man let him be held up to the admiring gaze of the nation.—The northern democrat should make the constitution his guide in this particular as in every thing else.

THE TARIFF—WHO DOES IT BENEFIT?

The disposition to imitate has unfortunately so to speak, its bad, as well as its good effects. Among the first may be numbered the case with which American legislatures and courts import foreign statutes and decisions. Because a feudal potentate who is the theoretical master of the people, has his executive powers, a republican magistrate must forsake his. Yet, while the energy of an European government, both nominally and actually grows out of the centralizing tendency, that of a republic should derive its effectiveness from the centrifugal. The truth is, we too often copy European modes in the more important as well as trivial matters, with an almost utter lack of that self-respect which should make us closely scrutinize the propriety of our conduct.

Perhaps the effect of this disposition is in nothing more clearly and fatally exhibited than upon the subject of the tariff. Politicians gravely talk of the burden falling sometimes on the consumer and sometimes on the producer, just as if there were or would be a case in which the whole burden does not fall on the producer, that is the laborer, with crushing, deadly power.

So long as labor shall continue to be the only means of production, so long must the producing class, that is, those who are engaged in some *real productive* labor or occupation, not only support all those who are not engaged, but in addition thereto pay all the expenses and bear all the burdens of government.

Who is so stupid as not to comprehend with our demonstration that a high tariff, like that of 1842, tends to enslave labor more and more, to fasten upon the producer a bondman's shackles, and to make him still more subservient to those of whom the institutions of his country compel him to beg for the privilege of toiling? Is American labor protected by increasing the already almost omnipotent power of capital by swelling the profits of manufacturers to a torrent? Labor is everywhere more or less enslaved. That is, the laboring classes are obliged to work for the capitalist or take the alternative of starvation. Does the operative, the laborer or the money-power, receive the *real* benefit of a high tariff?

Does the laborer realize any essential change for the better, in his social and political relations on account of it? Is not his employer in too many instances who, like the Pharisee of old, lays heavy burdens on men's shoulders, but lifts not so much as *one* of his fingers to lighten those burdens, often contiving how to reduce the price of labor still more and more? Does any body suppose the manufacturer would be willing to exchange with the operative, so as to give his increased profits to the operative and himself take those which incidentally result in the operative? Is a high tariff a protection to American industry? \* \* \* \* \* *Troy Budget.*

In the New York convention the question of land tenures was disposed of by declaring, by great majorities—

1st. That all feudal tenures of every description be abolished; saving and recognizing however, all rents and services certain, which at any time heretofore have been lawfully created or reserved.

2d. That all lands within the state are allotted; and that the entire and absolute property is vested in the owners, according to the nature of their respective estates.

3d. That no lease or grant of agricultural land, beyond twelve years, hereafter made, in which shall be reserved any rent or service of any kind, shall be valid.

The State Convention, after considerable de-

bate, agree to allow the existing provision of the Constitution relative to colored person's vote, to remain as it is at present, which permits them to vote on a freehold of \$250.

THE RIGHTS OF SLAVE-HOLDERS.—The Supreme Court of Ohio have, in the consideration of a question involving the constitutionality of such of the laws of Ohio as were designed to secure fugitive slaves from arrest, reaffirmed a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, by which it was declared that "the owner of a slave, either by himself or agent, may pursue, arrest and return him to the State from which he fled, without the aid of the State authority; and that all legislation which interferes with or embarrasses such an arrest is unconstitutional and void, all legislation on the subject being exclusively vested in Congress."

THE POINT.—The Lowell Courier, a rabid whig paper, says—"the Lawrence and Appleton will make money in spite of all the loco so-called tariffs in existence or in prospect." What then becomes of the necessity of a high tariff if they can "make money" under the new one? We do not imagine the people are anxious to be taxed in order to allow these rich fellows to do much more than "make money."

[Plymouth Rock.

TRUE AS GOSPEL.—In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you take care to live so that no one will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 20, 1846.

"The Union—It must be preserved."

FACT AGAINST THEORY.

The present state of the commercial world seems to throw great confusion into the ranks of the protectionists on both sides of the Atlantic. In the United States we have always been told that a high tariff had the effect to make manufactures of cotton and wool a great deal cheaper to the consumer, and that to manufacture these articles at home had the effect to increase the price of wheat, flour, and other products. No sooner was the act passed than manufactured articles began to fall, and the hosts of protectionists forgetting their former clamor, cried out that it was owing to the passage of the tariff. Indeed their predictions of ruin have hardly ceased yet. But they are equally puzzled by the fact that agricultural products are higher than before. Their theories are gone to the wind, having been met and overthrown by those stubborn animals called facts.

Cool was to fall as to ruin the miner in Pennsylvania. It was, however, a dollar a ton higher than it was last year. Salt was to come in so low as to ruin the salt manufacturers in the State of New York. It is much higher now than before the passage of the tariff. Iron was to fall so low as to overthrow Pennsylvania; but it is so high in England that it cannot be imported. Flour and grain have risen so high as to upset all the predictions of the tariff men. It is not necessary, for the present purpose, to go into an argument as to the causes of this state of things in reference to the prices of these articles. It is sufficient to show that the predictions of the protectionists prove them all to be false prophets so far. It ought also to induce the public to attach no importance to their views hereafter.

REPRESENTATIVES.—It is rumored, says the Age, that Nath'l Blake has been elected Representative from the Madawaska district, and that he is a Whig. But a letter from a gentleman in Houlton states, that Mr. Blake voted for Mr. Dana in September, and that he will probably act with the Democratic party.

Samuel Rogers, abol. was elected on Monday, 12th, on the 5th dist., Representative from Windham, by a 12 majority.

LAST week we reported the election of a Democrat in the Hope and Searsport district. We have since learned there was no choice.

There are, then, 32 Democrats and 33 Federalists and Abolitionists elected, besides the Madawaska district.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.—The election in Pennsylvania took place on Tuesday last; and was to elect a Canal Commissioner to serve three years, by general ticket; twenty-four members of Congress; eleven Senators, comprising one third of that body; and the House of Representatives for next year, consisting of one hundred members.

The Boston Post of Friday last gives the result of the election for members of Congress in the following districts:

1st district—L. C. Levin, native, re-elected.  
2. do J. R. Ingersoll, whig, re-elected.  
3. do Charles Brown, democrat, gain.  
4. do Charles J. Ingersoll, dem. re-elected.  
5. do John Freely, whig gain

## EDUCATION.

Are any ignorant of the great field constantly requiring physical, moral and intellectual culture, or of the importance of increasing our exertions to make it more perfect, or the defects which deform its surface, and the great difficulties attending their removal? We would invite all such to reflect, that in addition to what is constantly passing before us, both in and out of men requiring improvement, more than fifty thousand human beings were born yesterday. This great number of helpless, innocent, ignorant, dependent children, are daily added to the great family of man; are handed over, if we may be allowed the expression, by their heavenly Parent, to the care of families, to the care and influences of the social institutions which may happen to surround their birth. By these they are not only to be prepared for happiness and usefulness, but, to faithfully transmit to another generation the seeds of virtue and wisdom.

If asked what we mean by the education of human beings, we answer, all those influences operating upon man calculated to bring out, to regulate, and make useful the senses, the intellect, or the affections; the training of individuals in such a manner, as that they may best answer the ends of their existence, and may take every possible advantage of nature and revelation by making them subservient to the real interests of our race as intellectual, moral, physical, social and religious beings. Whatever is brought forward by man to accomplish any of these objects, whatever revelation may suggest, whatever experience may dictate, may be considered as means of obtaining knowledge; the effect of these means, when exerted, is the state of education in individuals or communities. If the means of education are properly and successfully used, the happiness of man, individually and socially, is increased, otherwise it is diminished.

The greatest of all problems, then, which the universe can present to the philosopher, the philanthropist and the Christian is, how shall the human soul be educated? What is the true light, and what the culture that the Creator has ordained for the growth, expansion and beauty of the human flower?

Are we the seed which the great husbandman has sown in the soil of time? and is there no revelation from on high to teach the older how he must shade and nurture the younger, as that at last

"Angel hands may put the sickle in,  
And reap a harvest unto God!"

This outward universe, with its sun and stars, and mighty revolutions, is but a school in which the father is training his children. Not surely to experiences in gathering and laying up treasures here, where rust doth corrupt, and time inevitably destroy, but for those spiritual treasures which the soul of man was made to enjoy, and which alone can fill its deep desires.

The spiritual nature of the child has been too much neglected, often wholly overlooked, in the different theories and systems of education, many are beginning to perceive, and some to feel.

Time is not the end of man's duration, nor successful traffic the grand purpose of his existence. He has a higher destiny than the counting-room, the Senate or the pulpit. The soul wants something more than arithmetic, political economy, or even technical theology for its support. The Creator has given it a taste for the beautiful, capacities for the infinite, and a longing for the unseen and eternal. It very nature and earliest effort is, to feel after God in the outward, if haply it may find him. And not until the sublime and beautiful in the material nature, the sea the sky, the green valleys and the everlasting hills, have all echoed upon the ear of the deluded child the words of the Divine Teacher, "The kingdom of heaven is within," does he find that the source of the spirit's life, is a well of water from the infinite fountain, springing up in his own bosom unto everlasting life.

We do not repudiate the claims of the practical sciences, arithmetic, geography, architecture, &c.,—By no means. They are the necessary utensils, by the aid of which the soul finds and clothes itself; but they do not constitute the food or raiment of the being, MAN. They are indispensible tools in a world like this; but he only, we think, is truly wise, who pursues them for their subserviency to a higher purpose—not as the end, the accomplishment of all human education.

Nor should we abandon the study of ancient literature, fashionably called the classics, if its philosophy be purer and its religion holier than any found in the writings of the present age—the products of the world's riper years. But is it so? Shall Plato ever be the world's beau ideal in philosophy, and Socrates in religion, since in the divine rendering of Jesus more than their beautiful dreams are realized? Is Cicero still the model in oratory? Does the student still find the spirit of his orations more congenial to the times in which he lives? Does he glow with a deeper enthusiasm, and loftier patriotism, as he paces his huge interpreter to help a mangled thought, half Cicero's and half his own, then when he sits down with one of those fountains of inspiration in his hand, the speeches of Patrick Henry, of his own Clay, Calhoun, Webster and Everett? Were the noble arts of architecture and sculpture buried with the great Angels? And did that gentler art, which could make the immortal canvas glow with the form, the look, almost the warm breath of life, die with Raphael in his angel's arms?" Were the divine strains of poetry flushed with the lyrics of Homer and Horace? Have not Milton, Goethe, Coleridge lived? And come there not even now, high and sweet tones from the good old eloquent bard of Rydal mount, the Parnassus of England, and the Rome of her noble minister? Is nature grown old and gray and withered? Is the dewy freshness of earth's young morning gone? Is Castalia's fountain dry? Will Helicon flow no more? Is there no more sound in Arcadia, but the melancholy rustling of the "sere and yellow leaf?" Then

"Let us look to the good old time  
When the world was in its prime,  
When every day was holiday,  
And every month was lovely May."

But do we not err? O tell us ye wise to whom the solemn mysteries of life, the high destinies of the human soul have been revealed, do we not greatly err in shutting up the bright young spirit from all that is great and beautiful in the outward world, feeding it with Lexicons and Grammars, and marvelling that

no other goodness nor greatness is the result of our endeavors?

No wonder the troubled spirit of the child so soon becomes school-sick, earth-sick and miserably stupid. The great, the beautiful, are the natural elements of the soul; it seeks these as the plants the light and air, without them it must wither, droop and die.

The business of education is, to lay the foundation of a better social building, of a better moral world, of more equal, as well as of a greater degree of perfection in individual and social happiness; to remedy existing evils and inequalities; to raise up human nature to its proper place, and to preserve it there when rightly elevated; to take every child that comes into the world, to pure fountains of knowledge, and there to leave it, till it has drunk sufficiently to know its own worth, its own resources, and is capable of being happy in itself, and adding to the general happiness of society.

To this condition we would bring the whole family of man; and aspiring souls should not be obliged to stop here, but be permitted to march onward and upward as fast as they please; and none should be left below, till every opportunity to soar had been given till every holy influence has been tried, till human nature has wholly failed. And in the exercise of these means, we should remember that our education depends not only upon the cultivation of all that is within us, but upon the proper use of all that is without us; and that our endeavors should be especially behalf of our own country, our own institutions, our own schools, our own families, and our own minds.

G. K. S.

**MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.**—On the 17th of Sept. as Mrs. Abigail Huzzy, wife of Mr. James Huzzy of Duckfield, was descending a hill in a wagon, in the town of Turner, accompanied by her grand-daughter she was thrown out and instantly killed. The accident occurred in consequence of logs being carelessly left in the road at the bottom of the hill. Mrs. Huzzy was 81 years of age. The grand daughter was unjoined.

## MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRACY.

Below we give a paragraph from the address and one of the resolutions reported to the Middlesex County Democratic Convention. We copy it to show that the Democracy of Massachusetts are sound on a question which is assuming much importance before the country.

"One of the Kentucky volunteers, a native, however, of New York, writing to a friend from Matamoras, says

"I went to a Mexican ball the other night, and I must say I never saw ladies in a disheveled dress near nature before. I have heard tell of **NEAR** dances, but a

FARE

dance was something new."

John Woodward, deceased, formerly consul general of the republic of Texas, has left by will his entire estate to the Mayor of New York, for the education of free black men. His estate consists of unsettled titles to immense tracts of land in Texas.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must himself pass, for every man hath need of forgiveness.

"Resolved, That the overtures of the Whig party to the Abolitionists, and the declared readiness of some of the leading Whigs to dismember the Union, is an alarming circumstance should be met by the friends of the Union, regardless of party, with as determined an opposition as marks and makes the difference between patriots and traitors."

From Mexico.—The Washington Union gives the following synopsis of certain decrees recently issued by the Mexican government, which have been received at the Navy Department:—

1. A decree of August 28, declaring all Mexicans, between the ages of 18 and 50 years, under obligation to take arms in defence of their country whenever they shall be required so to do.

2. A decree of the same date, declaring free for one year the importation into any part of the republic, and in sale, of muskets, carbines, and in general, every species of warlike arms and projectiles, without the payment of any import duty; and declaring that the government will purchase, of the arms and projectiles referred to, such quantity as may require, at such prices as may be agreed with the importers or holders.

3. Another of the same, declaring an extraordinary contingent of fifty thousand men to be contributed by the several States in proportion to population.

This decree declares that each volunteer will be required to serve only two years, but when levied or drafted will be required to serve six years.

4. Another of the same date, pardoning all who may have deserted from the regular army, provided that they give themselves up within three months, and permitting them to serve in such corps as they may select.

5. A decree of August 31st, issued through the Department of State, declaring that all officers in civil or military employment, who shall refuse without good cause in the opinion of the government, to render such service as may be required of them during the war in which the republic is at present engaged, shall be dismissed from their employments, and declared incapable of being employed hereafter as military officers; and shall, moreover, to the punishment already provided by law for such offences as they have committed.

Judge Rice Garland writes a letter from Monterey dated the day after the battle. He says:—

"Gen. Worth has distinguished himself as a gallant soldier and a distinguished commander. Gen. Taylor gave him a fair chance, and he has nobly availed himself of it. His division, with Hays' regiment of Texians, gained more ground, and entried more points, than all the rest of the army, and with very little loss. Up to yesterday at 9 A. M. it was 5 killed and 25 wounded."

**CONFIRMATION TO THE LAW.**—The facts of Bentham speaks of the "perfection of human reason" in the following disengaging strain:—

"As if from a rubbish cart a constantly increasing and ever shapeless mass of law is from time to time shot down upon the heads of the people; and out of this rubbish, and at his peril, is every man left to pick out what belongs to him. Thus, in pouring forth law, does the government, as it is written, rain **dead** **snares**."

The Monarchs.—The present condition of the expell Mormons, opposite Nauvoo, is represented by the St. Louis papers as one of wretchedness and misery without a parallel in the country. They are literally starving under the open heavens; not even a tent to cover them; women and children, widows and orphans, the bedridden, the eye stricken, and the toil worn, the pauper remnant of a large community. Shameful! Shameful!

The Richmon Murder.—The inquest upon the body of Mr. Hoyt returned a verdict of murder against Wm. R. Myers, and charged S. S. Myers and Wm. S. Burr as accessories. A warrant was then issued for their arrest, they being at large on \$30,000 bail.

Said a fellow, when he kissed the old lady by mistake, "why is that like a short gun? Because it's a blunder-boss!"

Why is hydrocephalus like bravery? Because it's **courage**.

EDUCATION.

Are any ignorant of the great field constantly requiring physical, moral and intellectual culture, or of the importance of increasing our exertions to make it more perfect, or the defects which deform its surface, and the great difficulties attending their removal? We would invite all such to reflect, that in addition to what is constantly passing before us, both in and out of men requiring improvement, more than fifty thousand human beings were born yesterday. This great number of helpless, innocent, ignorant, dependent children, are daily added to the great family of man; are handed over, if we may be allowed the expression, by their heavenly Parent, to the care of families, to the care and influences of the social institutions which may happen to surround their birth. By these they are not only to be prepared for happiness and usefulness, but, to faithfully transmit to another generation the seeds of virtue and wisdom.

Let us look to the good old time. When the world was in its prime. When every day was holiday. And every month was lovely May."

But do we not err? O tell us ye wise to whom the solemn mysteries of life, the high destinies of the human soul have been revealed, do we not greatly err in shutting up the bright young spirit from all that is great and beautiful in the outward world, feeding it with Lexicons and Grammars, and marvelling that

MONTEREY, now in possession of Gen. Taylor, is the capital of the State of New Leon. It is on the Fernandino river, about 220 miles from its mouth. It has well paved streets and mostly one story stone buildings. The population is about 12,000, and the city is situated on the main travelled route from the Rio Grande to the city of Mexico.

**VERMONT.**—In the Senate, Oct. 8, Geo. T. Hodges, whig, was chosen President, and D. W. C. Clarke, Secretary. In the House, E. N. Briggs, whig, was chosen Speaker, and F. F. Kimball, Clerk. In Convention, the following elections were made: For Gov. Horace Eaton, whig, 136; John Smith, dem., 75; Lawrence Bradford, ab., 11. For Lieut. Gov., Leonard Sargent, whig, 138; Truman B. Ransom, dem., 73; Jacob Scott, ab., 12. For Treasurer, Elija P. Jewett, whig, 135; Daniel Bowlin, dem., 74; Zenas Wood, ab., 12.

William T. Dennis, an Englishman, a common sailor, was brought to Bath in this State, on the 12th inst., in the brig Wm. Purrington, in iron, charged by the captain of the brig with the murder of Charles Morse, another sailor, in the harbor of St. Thomas on the evening of the 12th of Sept. The Bath Enquirer publishes the facts elicited by the examination. Dennis and Morse went ashore in a boat, and the latter either fell overboard or was thrown over by Dennis. The decision of the Justice is not given.

Capt. Albert Blanchard, who distinguished himself at the battle of Montorey, is a native of Charlestown, Mass., and by his bravery and good conduct has won a reputation worthy of a descendant of the men of Bunker Hill. Gen. Worth, too, is a Massachusetts man, and was born at Martha's Vineyard. A braver or better officer is not enrolled on the list of the army.

**MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.**—On the 17th of Sept. as Mrs. Abigail Huzzy, wife of Mr. James Huzzy of Duckfield, was descending a hill in a wagon, in the town of Turner, accompanied by her grand-daughter she was thrown out and instantly killed. The accident occurred in consequence of logs being carelessly left in the road at the bottom of the hill. Mrs. Huzzy was 81 years of age. The grand daughter was unjoined.

**NEW GOODS!!**

**HUBBARD & STEVENS**

**WILL** inform their friends and the public generally that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by **FRANCIS BENNET** on Paris Hill, where they will constantly keep on hand a good assortment of goods such as are generally found in country stores, and which they will sell at very low prices. By strict attention to their business they hope to obtain a share of public patronage. Please call and examine the Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

John R. Broadhead, Esq., of the city of New York, has been appointed to proceed to London, as Secretary of Legation to Mr. Bancroft. He will sail in the next steamer. Mr. Broadhead is represented as a gentleman of eminent personal worth and unquestionable fitness.

Oct. 10, 1846.

**GRAVE STONES, MARBLE AND SLATE, GRANITE MONUMENTS, TOMB TABLES, &c.**

Of the first quality and superior style of Lettering.

The subscribers would inform the public generally that he has a workman of taste and much experience in the Stone Business, and has constantly in his Shop at South Paris, a large assortment of STONE, which will sell cheaper than can be bought in the store.

Persons desirous of purchasing, are invited to call and examine the Stone and Prices for themselves.

**PRODUCE** received in payment for Stone. Orders carefully and promptly attended to.

DAVID ADAMS.

PETER HOLDEN, Agent.

South Paris, September 20, 1846.

3m21

**Silver Spoon Manufactory.**

—**BANKS & HATCH,**

**NO. 72, EXCHANGE STREET,**

**Portland,**

HAVE constantly on hand, of their own manufacture,

**STEVEN TEA & TABLE, DRESS, SUGAR, MUSTARD AND SALT SPOONS,**

which are warranted to be of the very best quality. Purchasers from the country are respectfully invited to call and examine the Stone and Prices for themselves.

Gold & Silver Luster, Lepine and common Watches.

Gold Finger Rings, Breast Pins, Bracelets, Pins and Pencils; Britannia Ware; Pocket Cutlery; Plated Spoons; Butter Knives; Pocket Books;

Purses and Purse Trimmings; Card Cases; Silver Thimbles; Do. Pensils; Silver, Shell & Horn & Ivory Combs & Spectacles; for all ages in Gold, Silver, and common boxes; Silver nursing tubs; Dress & common Fas;

Hair Brushes; Perfumery; &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

—**ALSO—**

**Mathematical Instruments,**

Surveyors' Compases; Pocket do.; Protractors;

Surveyors' Chains; Gunters' Scales;

Dividers, &c. &c. &c.

**N.** The following articles are repaired in the most expert manner: **WATCHES & JEWELRY—SURVEYORS' COMPASSES, CHAINS & INSTRUMENTS—**

**SILVER SPOONS** manufactured to order.

October 1, 1846.

3m21

**Tavern-House and Store for Sale.**

The new and spacious Tavern House,

Stable, Store, Potash, &c., recently

erected by A. PRENTISS & Co., in the

village of Lee, in the county of Penobscot,

near the Academy, and on a new and rapidly

increasing line of travel and business, will be sold at

a great bargain and on reasonable terms of payment: it

